



DOCTOR WHO #6

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DOCTOR • WHO

#6

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TARG HAD BEEN RIDING THE DOL-PHEDRA, PRACTISING FOR A GAME OF HAYSEIDER WHEN HE'D BEEN PLUCKED OFF HIS PLANET AND BROUGHT HERE.

BROUGHT HERE WITH EVERY OTHER MEMBER OF HIS SPECIES, PRETTY MUCH WHEREVER HERE WAS.

THE STRANGE MAN TOLD THEM THEY HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD BUILT A WEAPON THAT WOULD USE ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY CREATED BY THEIR COLLECTIVE TRAUMAS.

TARG WASN'T SURE HE UNDERSTOOD THAT, OR CARED. ALL THAT CONCERNED HIM WAS SURVIVING LONG ENOUGH TO GET HOME AND HAYSEIDE.



APPARENTLY, THE STRANGE MAN HAD SAID, SOME CREATURE, SOMETHING ANCIENT AND EVIL, WAS SEEDING INTO THE UNIVERSE. TARG'S WORLD WAS PERFECTLY ALIGNED, ALONG WITH TEN OTHER WORLDS, TO FORM A "PSYCHIC CHANNEL" THAT COULD CLOSE DOWN THIS TEAR IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME.

APPARENTLY

TARG REMEMBERED THAT THE STRANGE MAN WAS ALLIED WITH A GROUP HE'D REFERRED TO AS THE PANTHEON. THEY HAD FOUND A SONIC WEAPON THAT WOULD DESTROY THE INVADER.

SO THAT WAS DEAN THEN.

EXCEPT THAT THE PANTHEON HAD BEEN BETRAYED. THE GUN STOLEN, AND THE THIEF WAS LEADING AN ARMY OF ROBOTS AGAINST THE INHABITANTS OF THE TEN PLANETS, NONE OF WHOM WERE ENORMOUSLY AGGRESSIVE. EXCEPT THE TAUREANS...

SADLY, LADY WON'T GET HOME TO THAT NAVIGATING COMPETITION THE UNIVERSE IS NEVER THAT KIND OF CONVENIENT. HE ISN'T THE FIRST OF HIS PEOPLE TO DIE TODAY AND HE CERTAINLY WON'T BE THE LAST.

RIGHT!
OBEY THE ROBOTS!
WE MUST HELP THE DOCTOR!

YEAH/SHHHH!

THERE'S
NOTHING I
CAN DO.

LADY...

LADY MARTHA,
YOU WERE HIS
FRIEND FOR THE
LAST TEN HOURS OF
HIS LIFE. THAT IS
ENOUGH.

I CANNOT
COPE WITH THIS.
THE NOISE, THE
SCREAMS, THE
GUN BLASTS...

HE IS GOING
TO GET US ALL
NOW! HE HAS
FROM 1980...






DOCTOR! WE
SURVIVE THIS,
THEY'LL BE SINGING
SONGS ABOUT US
FOR ETERNITY!

REASSURANCE,
WE SURVIVE TWO,
AND AT LEAST
THERE'LL BE AN
ETERNITY...

BUT I'LL LIVE
WITH THE SONGS.
IF IT MEANS WE CAN
STOP THARLOT
AND SAVE THE
UNIVERSE

NOT MUCH
TO AGE IS
IT?




"STILL... I ALWAYS USED TO BELIEVE IN IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BEFORE BREAKFAST. JUST HOPE WINNING IS THE ELEVENTH...


"WONDER WHAT THE SONG LYRICS'LL BE. MORE LENNON/MCCARTNEY THAN OLBERT & SULLIVAN I HOPE.

"ALTHOUGH KNOWING MY LUCK RECENTLY, IT'LL BE STUCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN...

"FUNNY WHAT GOES THROUGH YOUR MIND AT TIMES LIKE THIS. NEVER ASKED MARTHA WHAT HER FAVORITE MUSIC IS... AESTHA FRANKLIN JOSS STONE? JAMES BURNETT? WHEN THIS IS OVER... I MUST ASK AND HER FAVORITE COLOUR, AND BOOK, AND JAMES'S FOND MOVIE, AND TELEVISION. BETTER NOT BE PO, THOUGH — STRAIGHT BACK HOME FOR HER IF IT IS."



"HEY MUM, I'M STUCK HERE ON AN ALIEN PLANET COUNTLESS STAR SYSTEMS FROM EARTH, ABOUT TO DIE IN A BATTLE I CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND. SO HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT YOU'D MAKE OF IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING. I WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR ANYTHING. WELL, MAYBE THE DYING BIT, BUT BEING HERE? SEEING THE UNIVERSE, GOOD AND BAD? WITH THE DOCTOR AND HIS TARDIS? WOULDN'T SWAP A MOMENT OF IT.



"I ONLY WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, DAD. EVERYONE, AND HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE, USING MY MEDICAL SKILLS. EVERYTHING I LEARNED, IT'S ALL BEEN WORTH IT — AND IF I DIE TODAY, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. DON'T HATE HIM, MUM. THE DOCTOR'S BRILLIANT, BECAUSE HE SAID 'YES' TO ME EARLIER, AND THAT MEANT THE WORLD TO ME.

"AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS BRILLIANT? ALL I CAN THINK OF IS THEY WINNY IN A FIELD OF RABBITS, WAVING HIS HANDS AROUND. FUNNY THE THINGS YOU THINK OF IN TIMES OF STRESS...



"THE PANTHEON WERE BETRAYED. THEY'D MADE THE MISTAKE OF EMPLOYING A MAN CALLED THARLOT — HE WAS ACTUALLY WORKING FOR THE GREAT EVIL (THIS MONTH'S GREAT EVIL, ANYWAY) AND SENT THE DOCTOR AND ME BACK THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO GET THIS SONIC WEAPON BEING DEVELOPED ON EARTH IN THE 1950s. WITH ME SO FAR?



"COURSE, THE PANTHEON HADN'T REALISED THARLOT WOULD GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO GET THE WEAPON HIMSELF. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS AT THE NAVAL BASE BY THE TIME IT WAS FINISHED. YOU SEE, THARLOT HAD SENT US A BIT TOO LATE — HE'D BEEN THERE FOR MONTHS ALREADY, HAD ME INJURED TO OBTAIN THE DOCTOR TO THE BASE, THEN LET HIS NATURE TAKE HOLD. THE ROBOTS ON HIS HOME PLANET HAD WARNED US HE WAS A KILLER. HE HADN'T SECONDED WITH THE FEROCITY HE'D SHOW.

"THARLOT KILLED ONE OF THE PANTHEON WITH THE WEAPON. I THINK NANA AND HIS COHORTS HAD SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED NOT JUST THARLOT'S INCREDIBLE UNTRUSTWORTHINESS, BUT THE POWER OF THE GUN ITSELF. THEY THOUGHT THEMSELVES INVINCIBLE. ALMOST LIKE GODS.

"NOT THAT WRONG, I GOTTA SAY."

"YOU HAVE SOMETHING I NEED DOCTOR."

"AND I'LL GET IN ANY WAY I CAN!"

VREEEE

VREEEEEEEE



"ALSO WORKING AT THE BASE HAD BEEN A HUMAN FROM THE 21ST CENTURY (YEAH, MUM, I KNOW — TRUST ME, THAT'S NOTHING). HIS NAME WAS NANA, AND THE PANTHEON HAD EMPLOYED HIM TO GET ALL THIS GUT. HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR FINDING THARLOT. NO ONE QUITS HAD THE GUTS TO SAY TO HIM 'GOOD CHOICE, MATE!' WELL THOUGHT OUT!"

"NANA'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES? OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LOOK?"

FIRE!

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

NARTHA!

YEAH?

DUCK!



Y'SEE, THAT LOT,
THAT'S IMPRESSIVE
HUMAN TECHNOLOGY, BUT
THIS SONIC SCREWBENDER?
OH THAT'S MUCH BETTER
TECH, AND NO MATTER WHAT
YOU THROW AT IT, I CAN
HOLD YOU BACK.

WHICH IS WHY
YOU'RE AFTER IT,
ISN'T IT?

COS IF YOU ADD
MY SCREWBENDER TO
THE POWER OF THAT
WEAPON, YOU COULD RULE
THE UNIVERSE THROUGH
FEAR, TERROR AND A
RATHER LOUD NOISE,
YES?

WELL, TOUGH
LUCK, BECAUSE
YOU'RE NOT
HAVING IT, NOW
OR EVER.



YOU WIN THIS
ROUND, DOCTOR.
MAYBE THIS
BATTLE. BUT THE
FINAL WAR IS
MINE!



AND I SHALL
HAVE YOUR SONIC
WEAPON—BEYOND
ASSURED, EVEN IF I
HAVE TO PEEL IT FROM
YOUR COLD, DEAD
HANDS.



TELL NEXT TIME
DOCTOR!



I HAD NO IDEA YOU COULD USE THE SONG LIKE THAT.

NOR DID I. LUCKY IT WORKED.

THANK YOU DOCTOR—ON BEHALF OF THE PANTHON...



EXPLANATION TIME, HE WASH. WE'VE BEEN CHASED THROUGH TIME AND SPACE BY YOUR PANTHON, GOOD PEOPLE, CAT PEOPLE, ROBOT PEOPLE, PEOPLE-SHOOTING-PEOPLE, MARTHA PEOPLE, AND I'M NOT HAPPY.

AND, IMAGINE THIS, IF I'M NOT HAPPY, JUST IMAGINE HOW UNHAPPY MARTHA IS!

OH, I'M NOT HAPPY AT ALL.



AND, BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT AN UNHAPPY MARTHA. IT'S NOT NICE, ESPECIALLY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, AND EARLY AFTERNOON, AND, BETWEEN YOU AND ME, UNHAPPY MARTHA AT AROUND 9PM WHEN SHE'D RATHER BE WATCHING ER—NOT GOOD AT ALL.

YOU WATCH ER? STILL?

DEAR, SO IT'S NOT SO GREAT SINCE THEY DROPPED A HELICOPTER ON TOP OF DOCTOR ROMANO—

ANNNNAH! BACK TO THE POINT...

PRIORITIES... DOES NO ONE UNDERSTAND PRIORITIES THESE DAYS...

ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR DOCTOR CORBAN, ACTUALLY...

OH SHE'S GREAT AND A BETTING ACTRESS IN A US SHOW NOT PLAYING A FELLOW I MEAN, HOW GREAT IS THAT?



TIME OUT! I BELIEVE THAT'S THE PHRASE THEY USE ON AMERICAN TELEVISION. MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT?

SO, THIS PANTHON OF YOURS. PROTECTING THE UNIVERSE AND ALL THAT, YES? BUT THEY GOT IT WRONG, EMPLOYED YOU TO FIND THEM SOMEONE LIKE THARLOT.

AND I GOT IT WRONG, YES.

SO, WHAT NOW? WE'VE LOST HIM, THE CANON, AND HAVE NO CLUE WHERE HE'S GONE, OR WHATEVER HE'S PLANNING TO DO NEXT.





SO JUST GET ME BACK THERE ASAP SO I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS COLOSSAL MESS YOU'VE CREATED.

WE DID NOT CREATE THIS SITUATION.

OH GET REAL. OF COURSE YOU DID. AT SOME POINT WHEN YOU GOT HERE MESSING AROUND WITH THE COSMOS, DOING WHATEVER IT IS ALIENS WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR DO ON A WET SUNDAY AFTERNOON, YOU PROBABLY POKED A FINGER THROUGH A TINY BREACH IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME—PROBABLY CREATING THIS DIMENSIONAL STASIS AREA WE'RE IN NOW. COME TO THINK OF IT—AND SURPRISE, SURPRISE, SOMEONE ON THE OTHER SIDE STUCK THEIR FINGER BACK AGAIN.



HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE CHASTISING? WE ARE THE PANTHEON. WE ARE THE—

OH DO BELT UP! THERE ARE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE OUT THERE, WHIPPED OFF THEIR HOME PLANETS, CONFUSED, SCARED, ANGRY (ESPECIALLY THE TAURANS; THEY HAVE TEMPERE MILDLY SHORTER THAN MINE AT TIMES LIKE THIS) AND SHAKING THEIRS PART OF SOME UNIVERSEAL WEAPON YOU'VE ENJOINED TOGETHER WITH THEIR PLANETARY ALIGNMENTS TO SEAL THAT BREACH.

AND NOW YOU'VE LET SOME DESPOT RUN OFF WITH THE ONLY VERY REAL WEAPON WE COULD USE TO CLOSE IT. COS YEAH, ALL THAT PSYCHIC ENERGY YOU WERE RELYING ON, THAT MIGHT STOP THE CREATURE, BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH TO SEAL THE BREACH. FOR THAT, YOU NEED TO REWRITE THE MOLECULES OF THE GASH ITSELF. AND SONICS ARE DEAD GOOD FOR THAT. AND, AS THARLOT KNEW, CHUCK MY SONIC SCREWDRIVER—MY LOVELY FULL OF GALLIFREYAN TIME LORD TECHNOLOGY SCREWDRIVER—INTO THE MIX AND BINGO, YOU HAVE WHAT YOU NEED.



BUT THARLOT BETRAYED YOU COS HE'S BEEN CONTACTED BY THE CREATURE THAT'S COMING THROUGH THE BREACH ALREADY. AND THARLOT'S MAD. AND A CONVICTED MASS MURDERER. YEAH, SOME GREAT ALL-POWERFUL BEINGS YOU ARE. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT REALITY-WARPING ENERGY, AND DIMENSIONAL DISPLACEMENT THROU, AND ALL THAT SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITIES AND WHAT YOU REALLY NEED AT THE END OF THE DAY IS A TIME LORD, A FANTASTIC HUMAN FROM SOUTH LONDON AND A SONIC SCREWDRIVER.



JUST AS WELL THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY'VE GOT THEN.




LISTEN TO ME MARTHA.
THIS IS BIG. AND DANGEROUS.
THE PANTHEON HAS EFFECTIVELY
BULLIED, CHEATED AND MANIPULATED
US INTO DOING THIS. SLACKMAG-80
ALMOST. AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN
DO. I CAN'T WALK AWAY, CAN'T ONE
THIS ONE A MISS, BECAUSE THERE
ARE TOO MANY LIVES AT
STAKE HERE

AND THE
EXISTENCE OF
THE ENTIRE
UNIVERSE.

WELL, YES THERE IS
THAT. BUT SERIOUSLY, WE GET
BACK TO THE TARDIS AND HEAD
AFTER THARLOT. FINE. AFTER THAT, I
CAN OFFER NO GUARANTEES FOR YOUR
SAFETY. OR MINE. OR ANYONE'S. AND I
MADE A PROMISE TO YOUR MUM—AND
HEAVEN HELP ME, YOUR MUM HAS A LEFT
HOOK GEORGE FOREMAN WOULD'VE BEEN
PROUD OF—A PROMISE TO KEEP YOU
SAFE. AND I CAN'T KEEP THAT
PROMISE IF YOU COME
WITH ME.

SO, IF YOU STAY
IN THE TARDIS TILL
IT'S ALL OVER, I'D BE
HAPPY. YOU'D BE SAFE.
AND YOUR MUM WILL STILL
HAVE A MARVELLOUS,
MAGNIFICENT
MARTHA.




TELL ME SOMETHING
DOCTOR. DO YOU THINK I CAN BE
OF ANY HELP ON THE BATTLEFIELD?
DO YOU THINK THAT EVEN ONE PERSON
COULD BENEFIT FROM MY PRESENCE?
BECAUSE IF YOU SAY YES, I'M WITH YOU
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT. IT'S WHAT I
SIGNED ON FOR. IT'S WHAT I DO. THE
DOCTOR AND MARTHA JONES.
TEAM SUPREME. I JUST NEED
YOU TO SAY YES.









"AND SO, MUM, HERE I AM. THE PANTHEON BROUGHT US AND THE TARDIS HERE, AND USING THE SONIC STAIN ON THE DOCTOR'S SCREWDRIVER, WE TRACED THE CANNON TO HERE, TO THE RUINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A LUSH GREEN PLANET.

"I HEARD SOMEONE SAY IT WAS CALLED K-9. ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S THE CLOSEST TO THE BEACH AND IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, THE DOCTOR IS GOING TO USE THAT SONIC CANNON TO CHANNEL NOT JUST ITS OWN SONIC POWER, BUT ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY OF THE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE TRANSPORTED BY THE PANTHEON TO THE OTHER PLANETS IN THIS ALIGNMENT.

"THEY AREN'T FIGHTERS LIKE THESE PEOPLE—THESE PEOPLE VOLUNTEERED TO BE THE ADVANCE GUARD, TO GIVE THE OTHERS TIME TO PREPARE THEMSELVES MENTALLY. A COUPLE OF THE PANTHEON ARE WITH THEM, HELPING SOOTHE THEM, MENTALLY.

"I DON'T LIKE THIS. I DON'T LIKE THE WAR, THE DEATH. THE THOUGHT THAT THESE PEOPLE'S BEAMS MIGHT GET FIRED, BUT I'M STILL GLAD THE DOCTOR SAID 'YES.'"







"THEY ARE
READY DOCTOR!"



THIS
BETTER WORK,
SUBASTION,
OR IT'S THE
SHORTEST,
MOST PUNISHING
VICTORY IN
HISTORY...



OH YES!



NOW,
SUBASTION,
WE HAVE THE
THOUGHTS OF A
BILLION SOULS
NOW!

GOD, I
HOPE THIS
WORKS...





"DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS
JUST YET, MARTHA..."



"I DON'T BELIEVE IT — THE
PANTHRON GOT IT RIGHT!
THE PLAN WORKS!"

"DOCTOR, MY FELLOW PANTHRON REPORT
THE POPULATIONS ARE WEAKENING, THEY
HAVE NO ENERGY LEFT..."



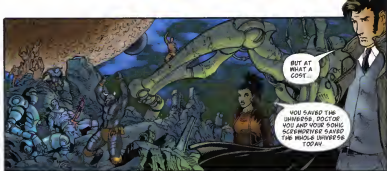
"ONE LAST
CONCENTRATED
EFFORT..."



"THAT'S ENOUGH, STOP.
EVERYTHING STOP!"



"IT'S OVER..."



WildBlueZero

